





*THE CENTURY
SHAKESPEARE*



KING HENRY THE SIXTH—PART I.

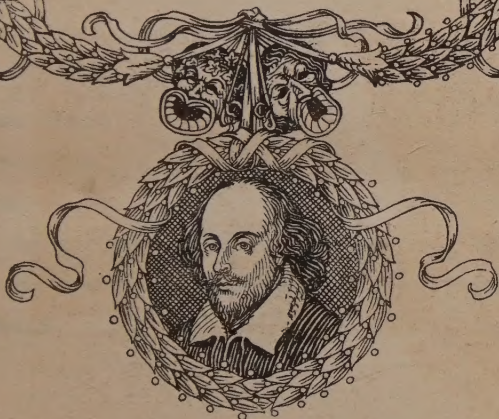


SIR J.E. MILLAIS, R.A. PINXT.

Joan of Arc.

SHAKESPEARE

THE FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY VI



1908

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INTRODUCTION

BY

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ASSISTED BY JOHN MUNRO

KING HENRY THE SIXTH, PART I.—The series of historical plays which goes under the name of Shakspeare deals, in three parts, with a weak king, Henry the Sixth, in one part with a strong king, Richard the Third. Its subject is a superb one for a dramatist. You have, on the one hand, the story of individual love; on the other, the ruin of a kingdom and a throne. The old guilty love of Guinevere and Lancelot is reproduced in that of Margaret and Suffolk; and as the first still holds the hearts of poets and of men, so that Tennyson reproduced it for the great Victorian time, in like wise might the second have been treated so that it would have been one of the glories of the Elizabethan drama. As the first brought about the ruin of all the goodly fellowship of the flower of kings, so the second led to those wars of York and Lancaster which lost us all the fair realm of France, and filled England with civil war. The "fairest beauty" Margaret, "soft as downy cygnets," was turned by ambition into a "she-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France, whose tongue more poisons than an adder's tooth,"

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into one of the demonesses whom the French Revolution in later time reproduced. Her pride eventually makes her level to the ground the pillar of the noble Humphry, who is the sole support of her husband's throne. His removal gives room for all the angry passions of the nobles, the designs of the crafty, hypocritical Gloster, to work. And soon the queen, bereft of love, of child, of throne, of husband, has nothing to console her but the curses she can heap on the foes who have ruined her, and the eager watching for their fulfilment. From out the ruins of her life, on which she, cursing, sits, steps the striking figure of Richard, exulting with grim humour in his villainy and success. He has trod through blood to the throne, and he will pour out blood to hold it. But behind him is the gathering storm of the curses of Margaret and her sister-queens, the wail of murdered innocents mixing with the women's wrath. And at last the storm bursts in lightning-flash on battle-field, on the head of the guilty king, erect; defiant, fearing death as little as he feared sin. And the land is again in a strong man's hand.

Of this superb subject, but little is made in the *Henry VI.* plays. The first of them is broken and choppy to an intolerable degree. The only part of it to be put down to Shakspeare is the Temple Garden scene of the red and white roses¹; and that has nothing specially characteristic in it, though the proportion of extra-syllabled lines in it forbids us supposing it

¹ The wooing of Margaret by Suffolk is not his, as its quick falling off into that "cooling card," &c., shows, tho' it may have been subjected to some revision at his hands. The speech of the dying Mortimer has been thought, too, to be Shaksperian. The battles are certainly very un-Shaksperian.

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is very early work. There must be at least three hands in the play, one of whom must have written—probably, only—the ryme scenes of Talbot and his son. But poor as this play seems to us, we have Nash's evidence that it toucht the Elizabethan audiences: "How would it haue joy'd braue Talbot (the terror of the French) to thinke that after he had lyne two hundred yeare in his tomb, he should triumph againe on the stage, and haue his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least, (at seuerall times) who, in the tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding." (*Pierce Penilesse*, p. 60, ed. 1842, Old Shaks. Soc.). The characters of the clear-seeing Exeter, the noble Talbot—"great Alcides of the field . . . Lord Furnival, of Sheffield"—and his gallant young son, Salisbury, "mirror of all martial men," the generous Bedford, are the only ones that redeem the gloom of such cowards and cads as Somerset, such vain and foolish traitors as the Countess of Auvergne, the baseness of the Dauphin, and the abominable way in which Joan of Arc is treated by Frenchmen as well as English. Traditional as the witch-view of Joan of Arc was in Shakspeare's time, one is glad that Shakspeare did not set it forth to us.

Munro adds: "A play of *Henry VI.* was acted by Shakspeare's company at the Rose Theatre in March, 1592. This must have been the piece which was afterwards included in the Folio of 1623 as the First Part of *King Henry VI.* Shakspeare had begun his dramatic career as a reviser of older plays: with some experience as an actor,

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a knowledge of dramatic business, and a genius for expression and versification, he was eminently able to transform and vivify the materials of his predecessors. Poor as the trilogy of *Henry VI.* seems to us moderns used to the highest outpourings of Shaksperian genius, the variety of its action, the bustle and stir of its battles, seem to have attracted Elizabethan audiences. *Henry VI.* was an immediate success. This, however, was not likely to prejudice the older school of playwrights in favor of its youthful reviser. Robert Greene, who is thought to have been part author of *The Contention* and *The True Tragedie*, which formed the basis for 2 and 3 *Henry VI.*, writing near his death, in 1592, says to Marlowe, Nash, and Peele (?) in his *Groatsworth of Wit ; bought with a Million of Repentance* : ' Is it not strange that I, to whom they al have beene beholding : is it not like that you, to whome they all have beene beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both at once of them forsaken ? Yes, trust them not : for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tyger's heart wrapt in a Player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you : and being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is in his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrie.' The italicised words are a parody of a line in 3 *Henry VI.*, Act I. sc. iv. p. 47 : ' O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide ' ; and the reference to ' Shake-scene ' can only be meant for a shot at Shakspeare. Greene's bitterness, however, was made amends for by Henry Chettle, who in December, 1592, in his address

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to *Kind-Harts Dreame* says, in reference to Greene's *Groats-worth* and the objects of its attack: 'With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them I care not if I never be: The other, whome at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that as I have moderated the heate of living writers, and might have usde my own discretion (especially in such a case) the Author beeing dead, that I did not, I am as sory as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because my selfe have seene his demeanor no lesse civill than he exelent in the qualitie he professes: Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightnes of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writting, that aprooves his Art' (p. 2). The first to whom Chettle refers is considered to be Marlowe; 'the other' is very probably Shakspeare.

"The first part of *Henry VI.* continues the story of 1 and 2 *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.* It shows the value of a strong man in the commonwealth. The death of Henry V. gave opportunity for the rise of faction and intrigue which terminated in manifold disasters and internecine conflict. All might yet have been saved if the most able man in the whole history, Talbot, had not been sacrificed to the jealousy and contention of rival parties. He alone was wholly noble, resourceful, and able to prevail in the stormy times to come. The vicissitudes of the war leave him undaunted. He is taken prisoner and taunted in the market-place; he seizes cities and loses them again before the miraculous powers of Joan of Arc.

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Guile cannot deceive him ; defeat cannot dismay him ; titles cannot indue him with false pride,—he is still plain John Talbot, after the king has honored him. Tender as he was to the son who so nobly emulated his example, he was terror and scourge to his country's enemies, to whom his name alone was a signal for fear and dismay. His exposure and punishment of the cowardice of Sir John Falstolfe (afterwards partly identified with Falstaff) is a tribute to his own deep sense of honor and duty.

“Joan of Arc is unfavorably represented in the play. She is said to have the spirit of deep prophecy, and proclaims herself exalted, tho' a shepherd's daughter, by Heaven and the Virgin. Afterwards, however, she denies her father and her humble birth ; her prophecy fails her, and she conjures up the spirits and the fiends to help her in the liberation of France. To these she offers her body and her soul for her country's weal ; and these refuse her. Afterwards she herself denies her compact with the fiends : ‘I never had to do with wicked spirits’ ; she claims sanctity and virginity, but does not possess them. She rejects all offers of love, but at length becomes its victim. Yet she is beautiful ; she is resolute and capable ; she conceives herself inspired by Heaven to execute a great and glorious mission for her country. In all this one can discover inconsistencies, perhaps due to the different hands that played a part in the execution of the play : Joan's character seems to vacillate between that of a noble and generous maid, inspired for her country's good, and a subtle, scheming

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witch in league with the fiends against a just cause. The English and French traditions seem to be both represented. If she is badly treated by the English, she is badly treated by the French. When the French thru carelessness and banqueting are beaten back by their enemies, the Dauphin turns reproachfully to Joan, and gives her the blame, and in the hour of her peril her countrymen forget her.

"The disasters which come to England are due to the hatred and quarrelsomeness of the nobles, which not even their country's danger can render forgotten, and the contention of the nobles is greatly due to the youth and weakness of the king. The young king makes no judgment for himself; he is led first by this minister and next by that, favoring all parties in his endeavors to reconcile them, and providing fresh opportunity for the development of their hatred. The wise, far-seeing Exeter is not able to restrain him. Winchester, Gloster, York, Somerset, and Suffolk environ him with their intrigue, and enmesh him in dangers which result in his fall, and the suffering of the whole of England.

"The historic time of the play is from the burial of Henry V., September, 1422, till the arrangement for the betrothal to Margaret in April, 1443¹; but in

¹ But see Boswell-Stone's remarks on the historic time (*Shakespeare's Holinshed*, 1907, p. 205): "If the range of *The First Part of Henry the Sixth* were measured by historic dates, not by the order in which occurrences are dramatized, it might be said that the time embraced by the action extended from Henry V.'s funeral, on November 7, 1422, to Talbot's death on July 17, 1453. But the dramatist has made the latter event precede Jeanne Darc's capture in 1430; as well as the despatch of Suffolk to Tours in 1444, for the purpose of espousing Margaret and conducting her to England."—M.

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the dramatic action, according to Daniel (*New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1877-9, p. 305) eight days only are represented on the stage, with many intervals.

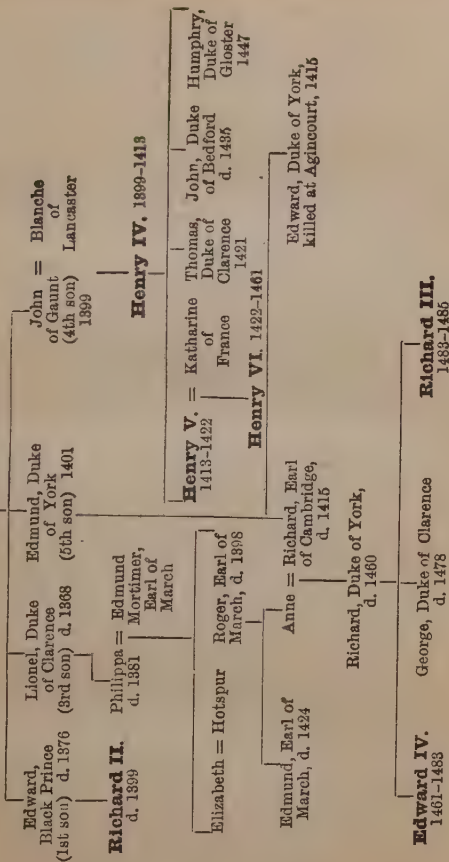
"There is little indication of seasons in the play, but, says Ellacombe, 'the scene in the Temple Gardens (Act II. sc. iv.), where all turned on the colour of the roses, must have been at the season when the roses were in full bloom, say June' (*New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1880-6, p. 74).

"The following table will help the reader to see the relationship of the characters in the plays who belong to the royal family."

GENEALOGICAL TREE

TO ILLUSTRATE SOME OF SHAKESPIERE'S HISTORIES.

Edward III. 1272-1327





THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
DUKE OF GLOSTER, *uncle to the King, and Protector.*
DUKE OF BEDFORD, *uncle to the King, and Regent of France.*
THOMAS BEAUFORT, *Duke of Exeter, great-uncle to the King.*
HENRY BEAUFORT, *great-uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.*
JOHN BEAUFORT, *Earl, afterwards Duke, of Somerset.*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *son of Richard late Earl of Cambridge, afterwards Duke of York.*
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF SUFFOLK.
LORD TALBOT, *afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.*
JOHN TALBOT, *his son.*
EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.
SIR WILLIAM LUCY.
SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.
SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.
Mayor of London.
WOODVILLE, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*
VERNON, *of the White-Rose or York faction.*

BASSET, *of the Red-Rose or Lancaster faction.*
A Lawyer. Mortimer's Keepers.

CHARLES, *Dauphin, and afterwards King, of France.*
REIGNIER, *Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.*
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF ALENÇON.
BASTARD OF ORLEANS.
Governor of Paris.
Master Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.
General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.
A French Sergeant. A Porter.
An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, *daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry.*
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.
JOAN LA PUCELLE, *commonly called Joan of Arc.*

Lords, Warders of the Tower, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle.

SCENE—Partly in England and partly in France.

ACT FIRST

SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King HENRY V., attended on by the Duke of BEDFORD, Regent of France; the Duke of GLOSTER, Protector; the Duke of EXETER, the Earl of WARWICK, the Bishop of WINCHESTER, Herald, etc

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night !

Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death !
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long !
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command ;
His brandished sword did blind men with his
beams ;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings ;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.

King Henry VI—Part I

What should I say ? his deeds exceed all speech ;
He ne'er lift up his hand but conqueréd.

Exe. We mourn in black : why mourn we not in
blood ?

Henry is dead and never shall revive ;
Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What ! shall we curse the planets of mishap
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow ?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contrived his end ?

Win. He was a king blessed of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought ;
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church ! where is it ? Had not church-
men prayed,
His thread of life had not so soon decayed ;
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may overawe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art Pro-
tector

King Henry VI—Part I

And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud ; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious churchmen may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars and rest your minds
in peace !

Let's to the altar.—Heralds, wait on us.—
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms ;
Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a marish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invoke !
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens !
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar or bright—

Enter a Messenger

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all !
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture ;
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,

King Henry VI—Part I

Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's
corse?

Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recalled to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the
ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was
used?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and
money.

Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions,
And whilst a field should be dispatched and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third thinks, that without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtained.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:
Cropped are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,

These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern ; Regent I am of France.—
Give me my steeléd coat. I'll fight for France.—
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes !
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter another Messenger

Mess. Lords, view these letters full of bad mis-
chance.

France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import.
The Dauphin Charles is crownéd king in Rheims :
The Bastard of Orleans with him is joined ;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part ;
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin crownéd king ! all fly to
him !

O, whither shall we fly from this reproach ?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies'
throats.—

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forward-
ness ?

An army have I mustered in my thoughts
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter another Messenger

Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

Mess. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'er-
thrown:

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompasséd and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof sharp stakes plucked out of hedges
They pitchéd in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continuéd;
Where valiant Talbot above human thought
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand
him;
Here, there, and everywhere, enraged he flew.

The French exclaimed, the devil was in arms ;
All the whole army stood agazed on him.
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot ! a Talbot ! cried out amain,
And rushed into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been sealed up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not played the coward.
He, being in the vaward placed behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wrack and massacre ;
Encloséd were they with their enemies :
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,
Whom all France with their chief assembled
strength

Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain ? then I will slay myself
For living idly here in pomp and ease
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betrayed.

Mess. O no, he lives, but is took prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford ;
Most of the rest slaughtered or took likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay.
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne ;

King Henry VI—Part I

His crown shall be the ransom of my friend ;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—
Farewell, my masters ; to my task will I ;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal.
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

Mess. So you had need, for Orleans is besieged ;
The English army is grown weak and faint :
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry
sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember't ; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*

Glo. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition ;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king.

[*Exit.*

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordained his special governor,
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend :

King Henry VI—Part I

I am left out ; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack out of office :
The king from Eltham I intend to steal
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—France. Before Orleans

Flourish. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER, marching with drum and Soldiers

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the
 heavens

So in the earth, to this day is not known.
Late did he shine upon the English side ;
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have ?
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans ;
Otherwhiles the famished English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge and their fat
 bull-beeves ;

Either they must be dieted like mules
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look like drownéd mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege ; why live we idly
 here ?

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear :
Remaineth none but mad-brained Salisbury,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall ;
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum ! we will rush on
them.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French !
Him I forgive my death that killeth me
When he sees me go back one foot or fly. [*Exeunt.*

*[Alarum ; they are beaten back by the English
with great loss.]*

Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER.

Char. Who ever saw the like ? what men have I !
Dogs ! cowards ! dastards ! I would ne'er have
fled,

But that they left me midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide ;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified ;
For none but Samsons and Goliases

King Henry VI—Part I

It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten !
Lean raw-boned rascals ! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity ?

Char. Let's leave this town ; for they are hare-
brained slaves,

And hunger will enforce them be more eager.
Of old I know them ; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmors or device
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on ;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we'll even let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the BASTARD of Orleans

Bast. Where's the Prince Dauphin ? I have
news for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer
appalled.

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence ?
Be not dismayed, for succour is at hand ;
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a vision sent to her from heaven
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.

King Henry VI—Part I

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome ;
What 's past and what 's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in ? Believe my words,
For they are certain and infallible.

Char. Go, call her in.—[*Exit* BASTARD.] But
first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place ;
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern.
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Re-enter the BASTARD *of Orleans, with* JOAN
LA PUCELLE

Reig. Fair maid, is 't thou wilt do these wondrous
feats ?

Puc. Reignier, is 't thou that thinkest to beguile
me ?

Where is the Dauphin ? Come, come from be-
hind ;

I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amazed, there 's nothing hid from me ;
In private will I talk with thee apart.—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's
daughter,

My wit untrained in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat displayed my cheeks,
God's mother deigné to appear to me,
And in a vision full of majesty
Willed me to leave my base vocation
And free my country from calamity.
Her aid she promised and assured success ;
In complete glory she revealed herself ;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infused on me
That beauty am I blessed with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated ;
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonished me with thy high
terms.

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make :
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true ;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

King Henry VI—Part I

Puc. I am prepared. Here is my keen-edged sword,

Decked with five flower-de-luces on each side ;
The which at Touraine, in St. Katherine's church-yard,

Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come on, o' God's name ; I fear no woman.

Puc. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*Here they fight, and JOAN LA PUCELLE overcomes.*]

Char. Stay, stay thy hands ! thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 't is thou that must help me.

Impatiently I burn with thy desire ;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant and not sovereign be ;
'T is the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above.
When I have chaséd all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock ;

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean ?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know ;

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you ? what devise you on ?

Shall we give over Orleans, or no ?

Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants !

Fight till the last gasp ; I will be your guard.

Char. What she says I'll confirm ; we'll fight it out.

Puc. Assigned am I to be the English scourge.

This night the siege assuredly I'll raise ;

Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,

Since I have enteréd into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,

Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself

Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought

King Henry VI—Part I

With Henry's death the English circle ends ;
Disperséd are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

Char. Was Mahomet inspiréd with a dove ?
Thou with an eagle art inspiréd then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fallen down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough ?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our
honours ;
Drive them from Orleans and be immortalised.

Char. Presently we'll try.—Come, let's away
about it ;
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—London. Before the Tower

*Enter the Duke of GLOSTER, with his Serving-men,
in blue coats*

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day ;
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.—
Where be these warders, that they wait not here ?
Open the gates ; it is Gloster that calls.

King Henry VI—Part I

1 *Ward.* [*Within*] Who's there that knocks so imperiously?

1 *Serv.* It is the noble Duke of Gloster.

2 *Ward.* [*Within*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Serv.* Villains, answer you so the lord Protector?

1 *Ward.* [*Within*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him;

We do no otherwise than we are willed.

Glo. Who willéd you? or whose will stands but mine?

There's none Protector of the realm but I.

Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize.

Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

[*GLOSTER'S men rush at the Tower Gates, and
WOODVILE, the Lieutenant, speaks within.*]

Wood. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Gloster that would enter.

Wood. Have patience, noble duke, I may not open;

The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:

From him I have express commandément

That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

King Henry VI—Part I

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God or to the king.
Open the gates or I'll shut thee out shortly.

Serv. Open the gates unto the lord Protector,
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not
quickly.

Enter to the PROTECTOR at the Tower Gates
WINCHESTER and his men, in tawny coats

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what
means this?

Glo. Peeled priest, dost thou command me to be
shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord,
Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a
foot:

This be Damascus, be thou curséd Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

King Henry VI—Part I

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back ;
Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st ; I beard thee to thy
face.

Glo. What ! am I dared and bearded to my
face ?—

Draw, men, for all this privileged place ;
Blue coats to tawny coats !—Priest, beware your
beard ;

I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly.
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat ;
In spite of pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the
pope.

Glo. Winchester goose, I cry, a rope ! a rope !—
Now beat them hence ; why do you let them stay ?—
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawny coats !—out, scarlet hypocrite !

*Here GLOSTER'S men beat out the CARDINAL'S men ;
and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of
LONDON and his Officers*

May. Fie, lords ! that you, being supreme magis-
trates,

King Henry VI—Part I

Thus contumeliously should break the peace !

Glo. Peace, mayor ! thou knowest little of my wrongs.

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrained the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster, here's a foe to citizens,
One that still motions war and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines,
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is Protector of the realm,
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself King and suppress the Prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.
[*Here they skirmish again.*]

May. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife

But to make open proclamation.—

Come, officer ; as loud as e'er thou canst : Cry.

Off. All manner of men assembled here in arms
this day against God's peace and the king's, we
charge and command you, in his highness' name, to
repair to your several dwelling-places ; and not to
wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger,
henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law ;
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we will meet, to thy cost, be sure ;
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away.—
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

G'o. Mayor, farewell ; thou dost but what thou
may'st.

Win. Abominable Gloster, guard thy head ;
For I intend to have it ere long.

[*Exeunt, severally, GLOSTER and WINCHESTER*
with their Serving-men.]

May. See the coast cleared, and then we will
depart.—

Good God, that nobles should such stomachs bear !
I myself fight not once in forty year.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Before Orleans

Enter, on the walls, a Master-Gunner and his Boy

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is
besieged,

And how the English have the suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know ; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er unfortunate I missed my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou
ruled by me.

King Henry VI—Part I

Chief master-gunner am I of this town ;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials have informéd me
How the English, in the suburbs close intrenched,
Wont through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower to overpeer the city
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have placed ;
And even these three days have I watched,
If I could see them.
Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.
If thou spyest any, run and bring me word,
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*

Boy. Father, I warrant you ; take you no care ;
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them. [*Exit.*

*Enter, on the turrets, the Lords SALISBURY and
TALBOT, Sir WILLIAM GLANSDALE, Sir THOMAS
GARGRAVE, and others*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again returned !
How wert thou handled being prisoner ?
Or by what means got'st thou to be released ?
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner

King Henry VI—Part I

Calléd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles ;
For him was I exchanged and ransoméd.
But with a baser man of arms by far
Once in contempt they would have bartered me ;
Which I disdainingly scorned, and cravéd death
Rather than I would be so vile esteemed.
In fine, redeemed I was as I desired.
But, O, the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertained.

Tal. With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts.

In open market-place produced they me,
To be a public spectacle to all :
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digged stones out of the
ground

To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly ;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deemed me not secure ;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread

King Henry VI—Part I

That they supposed I could rend bars of steel
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant :
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had
That walked about me every minute while,
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a linstock

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endured.
But we will be revenged sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans ;
Here, through this grate, I count each one
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify.
Let us look in ; the sight will much delight thee.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate ; for there stand
lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famished,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebléd.

[*Here they shoot.* SALISBURY and
GARGRAVE fall.]

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners !

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man !

King Henry VI—Part I

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath
crossed us?—

Speak, Salisbury ; at least, if thou canst speak :
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men ?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off !—
Accurséd tower ! accurséd fatal hand
That hath contrived this woful tragedy !
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame ;
Henry the Fifth he first trained to the wars ;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury ? though thy speech doth
fail,

One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace ;
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands !—
Bear hence his body ; I will help to bury it.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life ?
Speak unto Talbot ; nay, look up to him.—
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort :
Thou shalt not die whiles—
He beckons with his hand and smiles on me,
As who should say ' When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.'—
Plantagenet, I will ; and like thee, Nero,

Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn.
Wretched shall France be only in my name.—

[*Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens.*
What stir is this? what tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum and the noise?

Enter a Messenger

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gathered
head ;
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle joined,
A holy prophetess new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*Here SALISBURY lifteth himself
up and groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan !
It irks his heart he cannot be revenged.—
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you ;
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
Then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen
dare. [Alarum. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The Same

Here an alarum again ; and TALBOT pursueth the DAUPHIN, and driveth him : then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them : then re-enter TALBOT

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force ?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them ;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Re-enter LA PUCELLE

Here, here she comes.—I'll have a bout with thee ;
Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee.

Blood will I draw on thee,—thou art a witch,—
And straightway give thy soul to him thou servest.

Puc. Come, come, 't is only I that must disgrace thee.

[Here they fight.]

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail ?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

[They fight again.]

Puc. Talbot, farewell ; thy hour is not yet come.

I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

[*A short alarum : then enter the town with soldiers.*

O'ertake me, if thou canst ; I scorn thy strength.

Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starv'd men ;

Help Salisbury to make his testament :

This day is ours, as many more shall be. [*Exit.*

Tal. My thoughts are whirl'd like a potter's wheel ;

I know not where I am, nor what I do.

A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,

Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists ;

So bees with smoke and doves with noisome stench

Are from their hives and houses driven away.

They called us for our fierceness English dogs ;

Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.—

[*A short alarum.*

Hark, countrymen ! either renew the fight,

Or tear the lions out of England's coat ;

Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead :

Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,

Or horse or oxen from the leopard,

As you fly from your oft-subdu'd slaves.

[*Alarum. Here another skirmish.*

It will not be. Retire into your trenches ;

You all consented unto Salisbury's death,

King Henry VI—Part I

For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is entered into Orleans,
In spite of us or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury !
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Exit TALBOT. Alarum ; retreat ; flourish.*

SCENE VI.—The Same

*Enter, on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES,
REIGNIER, ALENÇON, and Soldiers*

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls ;
Rescued is Orleans from the English :
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath performed her word.

Char. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success ?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens
That one day bloomed and fruitful were the next.—
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess !
Recovered is the town of Orleans ;
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the
town ?—

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,

King Henry VI—Part I

To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and
joy

When they shall hear how we have played the
men.

Char. 'T is Joan, not we, by whom the day is
won ;

For which I will divide my crown with her,
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.

A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear
Than Rhodope's of Memphis ever was ;

In memory of her when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewelled coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.

No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.

Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

King Henry VI—Part I

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—Before Orleans

Enter a Sergeant of a band, with two Sentinels

Serg. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant ;
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

1 *Sent.* Sergeant, you shall.—[*Exit Sergeant.*]

Thus are poor servitors,
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
Constrained to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and forces,
with scaling-ladders, their drums beating a
dead march*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Wallon, and Picardy are friends to us,
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day caroused and banqueted.
Embrace we then this opportunity
As fitting best to quittance their deceit
Contrived by art and baleful sorcery.

King Henry VI—Part I

Bed. Coward of France ! how much he wrongs
his fame,

Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell !

Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that Pucelle whom they term so pure ?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid ! and be so martial !

Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere
long,

If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour as she hath begun !

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with
spirits ;

God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot ; we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together ; better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways,
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed ; I'll to yond corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his
grave.—

Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right

King Henry VI—Part I

Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

Sent. Arm ! arm ! the enemy doth make assault !

[*Cry* : ' *St. George*,' ' *A Talbot*.'

The French leap over the walls in their shirts.

*Enter, several ways, the BASTARD of Orleans,
ALENÇON, and REIGNIER, half ready, and half
unready*

Alen. How now, my lords ! what, all unready so ?

Bast. Unready ! ay, and glad we 'scaped so well.

Reig. 'T was time, I trow, to wake and leave our
beds,

Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

Alen. Of all exploits since first I followed arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise

More venturous or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour
him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles ; I marvel how he
sped.

Bast. Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame ?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his
friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surprised.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this
night,

Within her quarter and mine own precinct
I was employed in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels;
Then how or which way should they first break
in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case

How or which way; 't is sure they found some
place

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scattered and dispersed,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

*Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying 'A
Talbot! a Talbot!'* They fly, leaving their
clothes behind

Sol. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Orleans. Within the Town

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain,
and others*

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veiled the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[*Retreat sounded.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it in the market-place,

King Henry VI—Part I

The middle centre of this curséd town.—
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul ;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happened in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interred ;
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engraved the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'T is thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight
began,

Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did amongst the troops of arméd men
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself, as far as I could well discern
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure I scared the Dauphin and his trull,
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves

King Henry VI—Part I

That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. All hail, my lords ! Which of this princely
train

Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France ?

Tal. Here is the Talbot ; who would speak with
him ?

Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it e'en so ? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encountered with.—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then ; for when a world of
men

Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled.—
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.—

Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.—
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*] You perceive
my mind?

Cap. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Auvergne. The Court of the Castle

Enter the COUNTESS and her Porter

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Count. The plot is laid; if all things fall out
right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account;
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

King Henry VI—Part I

Enter Messenger and TALBOT

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desired,
By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What ! is this the
man ?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France ?
Is this the Talbot, so much feared abroad
That with his name the mothers still their babes ?
I see report is fabulous and false ;
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf !
It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you ;
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now ? — Go ask him
whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot ; for my lady
craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

King Henry VI—Part I

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter with keys

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I trained thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny these many years
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captive.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall
turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself;
You are deceived, my substance is not here,

For what you see is but the smallest part
 And least proportion of humanity.
 I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
 It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
 Your roof were not sufficient to contain 't.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce ;
 He will be here, and yet he is not here :
 How can these contrarieties agree ?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

[*Winds his horn. Drums strike up : a
 peal of ordnance. Enter soldiers.*

How say you, madam ? are you now persuaded
 That Talbot is but shadow of himself ?
 These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
 With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
 Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
 And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot ! pardon my abuse ;
 I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
 And more than may be gathered by thy shape.
 Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath ;
 For I am sorry that with reverence
 I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismayed, fair lady, nor misconstrue
 The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
 The outward composition of his body.

What you have done hath not offended me ;
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine and see what cates you have ;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me
honouréd

To feast so great a warrior in my house.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. The Temple Garden

*Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and
WARWICK ; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON,
and another Lawyer*

Plan. Great lords and gentlemen, what means
this silence ?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth ?

Suf. Within the Temple Hall we were too loud ;
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once if I maintained the
truth,

Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error ?

Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

King Henry VI—Part I

Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then,
between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher
pitch,

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment ;
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance ;
The truth appears so naked on my side
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparelled,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to
speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts.
Let him that is a true-born gentleman
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,

King Henry VI—Part I

But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours, and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset,
And say withal I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no
more,

Till you conclude that he upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropped from the tree
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected ;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then for the truth and plainness of the
case,

I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red
And fall on my side so, against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on ; who else ?

King Henry VI—Part I

Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you ;
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument ?

Som. Here in my scabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our
roses ;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,
'T is not for fear but anger that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset ?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet ?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his
truth,

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding
roses,

That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

King Henry VI—Part I

Plan. Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him
and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William de la Pole !

We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him,
Somerset ;

His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England.
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root ?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my
words

On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days ?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry ?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood ;
And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attachéd, not attainted,
Condemned to die for treason, but no traitor ;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripened to my will.
For your partaker Pole and you yourself,

King Henry VI—Part I

I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension ;
Look to it well, and say you are well warned.

Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still ;
And know us by these colours for thy foes,
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognisance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward and be choked with thy
ambition !

And so farewell until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*

Som. Have with thee, Pole.—Farewell, am-
bitious Richard. [*Exit.*

Plan. How I am braved, and must perforce
endure it !

War. This blot that they object against your
house

Shall be wiped out in the next parliament
Called for the truce of Winchester and Gloster ;
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,

King Henry VI—Part I

Will I upon thy party wear this rose.
And here I prophesy : this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall send between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner ; I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The Tower of London

Enter MORTIMER, *brought in a chair, and Gaolers*

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new haléd from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment ;
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like agéd in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,

King Henry VI—Part I

Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent ;
Weak shoulders, overborne with burthening grief,
And pithless arms, like to a withered vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground :
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is
numb,

Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-wingéd with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come ?

1 *Gaol.* Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will
come ;

We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber,
And answer was returned that he will come.

Mor. Enough ; my soul shall then be satisfied.—
Poor gentleman ! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had ;
And even since then hath Richard been obscured :
Deprived of honour and inheritance.
But now the arbitrator of despairs,
Just Death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.
I would his troubles likewise were expired,
That so he might recover what was lost.

King Henry VI—Part I

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET

I Gaol. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come ?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,
Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp.

O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—

And now declare, sweet stem from York's great
stock,

Why didst thou say, of late thou wert despised ?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine
arm ;

And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.

This day, in argument upon a case,

Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me ;

Among which terms he used his lavish tongue

And did upbraid me with my father's death :

Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,

Else with the like I had requited him.

Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,

In honour of a true Plantagenet

King Henry VI—Part I

And for alliance sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprisoned
me

And hath detained me all my flowering youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was curséd instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that
was,

For I am ignorant and cannot guess.

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Deposed his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
The first-begotten and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent,
During whose reign the Percys of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavoured my advancement to the throne.
The reason moved these warlike lords to this
Was, for that—young King Richard thus removed,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body—
I was the next by birth and parentage ;
For by my mother I derivéd am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third ; whereas he

From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.

But mark : as in this haughty great attempt
They labouréd to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty and they their lives.

Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then derived
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
Again in pity of my hard distress
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And have installed me in the diadem ;
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppressed.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True ; and thou seest that I no issue have
And that my fainting words do warrant death.
Thou art my heir ; the rest I wish thee gather :
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with
me ;

But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic ;

King Henry VI—Part I

Strong-fixéd is the house of Lancaster
And like a mountain, not to be removed.
But now thy uncle is removing hence,
As princes do their courts when they are cloyed
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, would some part of my young
years

Might but redeem the passage of your age !

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaugh-
terer doth

Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good ;
Only give order for my funeral :
And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war ! [*Dies.*

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting
soul !

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage
And like a hermit overpassed thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast ;
And what I do imagine let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.—

[*Exeunt Gaolers, bearing out the body of*

MORTIMER.

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,

King Henry VI—Part I

Choked with ambition of the meaner sort :
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offered to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress ;
And therefore haste I to the Parliament,
Either to be restoréd to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good.

[*Exit.*

ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—London. The Parliament House

Flourish. Enter KING, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK ; the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and others. GLOSTER offers to put up a bill ; WINCHESTER snatches it, and tears it

Win. Com'st thou with deep-premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devised,
Humphrey of Gloster ? If thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention, suddenly ;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

King Henry VI—Part I

Glo. Presumptuous priest ! this place commands
my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonoured me.
Think not, although in writing I preferred
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forged, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen.
No, prelate ; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace ;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree ;
And for thy treachery, what 's more manifest ?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge as at the Tower.
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor ?
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling ?

King Henry VI—Part I

And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do?—except I be provoked.
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incensed the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth,
But he shall know I am as good—

Glo.

As good!

Thou bastard of my grandfather!

Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not Protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo.

Thou art reverent

Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War.

Roam thither, then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Som. Methinks my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks his lordship should be humbler ;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touched so
near.

War. State holy or unhallowed, what of that ?
Is not his grace Protector to the king ?

Plan. [*Aside*] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his
tongue,
Lest it be said ‘ Speak, sirrah, when you should ;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords ? ’
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

King. Uncles of Gloster and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar !
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissension is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—

[*A noise within, ‘ Down with the tawny
coats ! ’*]

What tumult ’s this ?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop’s men.

[*A noise again, ‘ Stones ! stones ! ’*]

King Henry VI—Part I

Enter MAYOR

Mayor. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us !
The bishop and the Duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have filled their pockets full of pebble stones,
And banding themselves in contráry parts
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate
That many have their giddy brains knocked out.
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we for fear compelled to shut our shops.

Enter Serving-men, in skirmish, with bloody pates

King. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the
peace.—

Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 *Serv.* Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll fall
to it with our teeth.

2 *Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[Skirmish again.]

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish
broil,

And set this unaccustomed fight aside.

3 *Serv.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man

King Henry VI—Part I

Just and upright, and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but his majesty ;
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgracéd by an inkhorn mate,
We and our wives and children all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughtered by thy foes.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [*Begin again.*

Glo.

Stay, stay, I say !

And if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

King. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul !—
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears and will not once relent ?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not ?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils ?

War. Yield, my lord Protector ;—yield, Winchester ;

Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief and what murther too
Hath been enacted through your enmity ;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

King Henry VI—Part I

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me
stoop,

Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banished moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothéd brows it doth appear ;
Why look you still so stern and tragical ?

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

King. Fie, Uncle Beaufort ! I have heard you
preach

That malice was a great and grievous sin ;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same ?

War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly
gird.

For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent !
What, shall a child instruct you what to do ?

Win. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yield to
thee ;

Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.

Glo. [*Aside*] Ay, but, I fear me, with a hollow
heart.—

See here, my friends and loving countrymen,
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers.

King Henry VI—Part I

So help me God, as I dissemble not.

Win. [*Aside*] So help me God, as I intend it not :

King. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract !—
Away, my masters ! trouble us no more ;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content ; I'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Serv.*

And so will I.

3 *Serv.* And I will see what physic the tavern
affords. [*Exeunt Serving-men, Mayor, etc.*]

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urged, my lord of Warwick ;—for,
sweet prince,

An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right ;
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham Place I told your majesty.

King. And those occasions, uncle, were of force ;
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restoréd to his blood,

War. Let Richard be restoréd to his blood ;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompensed.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

King. If Richard will be true, not that alone

King Henry VI—Part I

But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience
And humble service till the point of death.

King. Stoop then and set your knee against my
foot ;

And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York.
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may
fall !

And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty !

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of
York !

Som. [*Aside*] Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke
of York !

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty
To cross the seas and to be crowned in France.
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

King. When Gloster says the word, King Henry
goes ;

King Henry VI—Part I

For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but EXETER.*

Exeter. Ay, we may march in England or in
France,

Not seeing what is likely to ensue.

This late dissension grown betwixt the peers

Burns under feignéd ashes of forged love,

And will at last break out into a flame.

As festered members rot but by degree,

Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,

So will this base and envious discord breed.

And now I fear that fatal prophecy

Which in the time of Henry named the Fifth

Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—

That Henry born at Monmouth should win all,

And Henry born at Windsor should lose all ;

Which is so plain that Exeter doth wish

His days may finish ere that helpless time. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—France. Before Rouen

*Enter LA PUCELLE disguised, with four Soldiers
with sacks upon their backs*

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach.

King Henry VI—Part I

SCENE II.

Take heed, be wary how you place your words ;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market men
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1 *Sol.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen ;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*

Watch. [*Within*] *Qui est là ?*

Puc. *Paysans, pauvres gens de France ;*
Poor market folks that come to sell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in ; the market bell is rung.

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to
the ground. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD of Orleans, ALENÇON,
REIGNIER, and forces

Char. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem,
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen !

Bast. Here entered Pucelle and her practisants ;
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in ?

Reig. By thrusting out a torch from yonder
tower ;

King Henry VI—Part I

Which, once discerned, shows that her meaning
is,—

No way to that, for weakness, which she entered.

*Enter LA PUCELLE on the top, thrusting out a torch
burning*

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites ! *[Exit.*

Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our
friend ;

The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes !

Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends ;
Enter, and cry 'The Dauphin !' presently,
And then do execution on the watch.

[Alarum. Exeunt.

An alarum. Enter TALBOT in an excursion

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy
tears,

If Talbot but survive thy treachery.

Pucelle, that witch, that damnéd sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escaped the pride of France. *[Exit.*

King Henry VI—Part I

An alarum: excursions. BEDFORD brought in sick
in a chair. Enter TALBOT and BURGUNDY
without; within LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BAS-
TARD, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER, on the walls

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for
bread?

I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.

'T was full of darnel; do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtesan!
I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your grace may starve perhaps before
that time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this
treason!

Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break
a lance,

And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompassed with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

King Henry VI—Part I

Puc. Are ye so hot, sir?—yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—

[*The English whisper together in council.*]

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

Puc. Belike your lordship takes us then for fools, To try if that our own be ours or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest.
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang! base muleters of France!
Like peasant footboys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Away, captains! let's get us from the walls;

For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.—

God be wi' you, my lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the walls.*]

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Pricked on by public wrongs sustained in France,
Either to get the town again or die;

And I, as sure as English Henry lives
 And as his father here was conqueror,
 As sure as in this late-betrayéd town
 Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buriéd,
 So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
 The valiant Duke of Bedford.—Come, my lord,
 We will bestow you in some better place,
 Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me;
 Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen
 And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade
 you,

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read
 That stout Pendragon in his litter sick
 Came to the field and vanquishéd his foes.
 Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
 Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
 Then be it so.—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!—
 And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
 But gather we our forces out of hand
 And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt all but BEDFORD and Attendants.*]

King Henry VI—Part I

*An alarum : excursions. Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE
and a Captain*

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such
haste?

Fast. Whither away! to save myself by flight;
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!
[*Exit.*

*Retreat ; excursions. LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, and
CHARLES fly*

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please,
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffs
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*BEDFORD dies, and is carried in by two in
his chair.*

*An alarum. Re-enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the
rest*

Tal. Lost, and recovered in a day again!

King Henry VI—Part I

This is a double honour, Burgundy ;
Yet heavens have glory for this victory !

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble deeds as valour's monuments.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle
now ?

I think her old familiar is asleep.

Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his
gleeks ?

What, all amort ? Rouen hangs her head for grief
That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the town,

Placing therein some expert officers,

And then depart to Paris to the king,

For there young Henry and his nobles lie.

Bur. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget

The noble duke of Bedford late deceased,

But see his exequies fulfilled in Rouen.

A braver soldier never couchéd lance,

A gentler heart did never sway in court ;

But kings and mightiest potentates must die,

For that's the end of human misery. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—The Plains near Rouen

Enter CHARLES, *the* BASTARD *of* Orleans, ALENÇON,
LA PUCELLE, *and* forces

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered ;
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for awhile,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail ;
We 'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but ruled.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence ;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We 'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee revered like a blessed saint ;
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be ; this doth Joan
devise :

By fair persuasions mixed with sugared words
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.

King Henry VI—Part I

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors ;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirpéd from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expelled from
France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will
work
To bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drum sounds afar off.*

Hark ! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

*Here sound an English march. Enter, and pass
over at a distance, TALBOT and his forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

*French march. Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY
and forces*

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his ;
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley ; we will talk with him.

[*Trumpet sounds a parley.*

Char. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy !

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy ?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!

Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defaced
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.

As looks the mother on her lovely babe
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.

O, turn thy edgéd sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that
help.

One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign
gore;

Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

King Henry VI—Part I

Bur. Either she hath bewitched me with her words,

Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.

Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation

That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?

When Talbot hath set footing once in France

And fashioned thee that instrument of ill,

Who then but English Henry will be lord

And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?

Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,

Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?

And was he not in England prisoner?

But when they heard he was thine enemy,

They set him free without his ransom paid

In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.

See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,

And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.

Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord.

Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I'm vanquishéd; these haughty words of hers

Have battered me like roaring cannon-shot,

And made me almost yield upon my knees.—

King Henry VI—Part I

Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen,
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace ;
My forces and my power of men are yours.—
So farewell, Talbot ; I 'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. [*Aside*] Done like a Frenchman ; turn,
and turn again !

Char. Welcome, brave duke ! thy friendship
makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our
breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely played her part in
this,

And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our
powers,

And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Paris. The Palace

*Enter the KING, GLOSTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,
YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, EXETER,
VERNON, BASSET, and others. To them with
his Soldiers, TALBOT*

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,

King Henry VI—Part I

I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign ;
In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaimed
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walléd towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet,
And with submissive loyalty of heart
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
First to my God and next unto your grace.

[*Kneels.*

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France ?

Glos. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

King. Welcome, brave captain and victorious
lord !

When I was young, as yet I am not old,
I do remember how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolvéd of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war ;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdoned with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face.
Therefore, stand up ; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury ;

King Henry VI—Part I

And in our coronation take your place.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but VERNON
and BASSET.*

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York,
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou
spakest?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye, not so; in witness, take ye that.

[*Strikes him.*

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is
such

That whoso draws a sword, 't is present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong,
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as
you,

And, after, meet you sooner than you would.

[*Exeunt.*

King Henry VI—Part I

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—Paris. A Hall of State

Enter the KING, GLOSTER, Bishop of WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, TALBOT, EXETER, the Governor of Paris, and others

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save King Henry, of that name the Sixth !

Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,
That you elect no other king but him,
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,
And none your foes but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state ;
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God !

Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,

To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was delivered to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee !
I vowed, base knight, when I did meet thee next,

King Henry VI—Part I

To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,

[*Plucking it off.*]

Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou wast installéd in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest :
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire did run away :
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men ;
Myself and divers gentlemen beside
Were there surprised and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss ;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous
And ill beseeeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordained, my
 lords,
Knights of the Garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars ;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.

He then that is not furnished in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order,
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

King. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy
doom !

Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight ;
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—

[*Exit FASTOLFE.*]

And now, my lord Protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath changed
his style ?

No more but, plain and bluntly, 'To the king !'

Hath he forgot he is his sovereign ?

Or doth this churlish superscription

Pretend some alteration in good will ?

What's here ? [*Reads*] '*I have, upon especial cause,*

Moved with compassion of my country's wrack,

Together with the pitiful complaints

Of such as your oppression feeds upon,

Forsaken your pernicious faction,

*And joined with Charles, the rightful King of
France.'*—

King Henry VI—Part I

O monstrous treachery! can this be so,
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.

King. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

King. Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall talk
with him,

And give him chastisement for this abuse.—

How say you, my lord? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege! yes, but that I am
prevented,

I should have begged I might have been employed.

King. Then gather strength and march unto him
straight;

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,

And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord, in heart desiring still

You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exit.

Enter VERNON and BASSET

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign.

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too.

York. This is my servant; hear him, noble
prince.

King Henry VI—Part I

Som. And this is mine; sweet Henry, favour him.

King. Be patient, lords; and give them leave to speak.—

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

King. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law
Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him,
With other vile and ignominious terms;
In confutation of which rude reproach
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit

King Henry VI—Part I

To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him ;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
Bewrayed the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left ?

Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York,
will out,

Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

King. Good Lord, what madness rules in
brain-sick men,

When for so slight and frivolous a cause

Such factious emulations shall arise !—

Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,

Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone ;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge ; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so ! Confounded be your strife !
And perish ye, with your audacious prate !
Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed
With this immodest clamorous outrage

To trouble and disturb the king and us?—
 And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
 To bear with their perverse objections ;
 Much less to take occasion from their mouths
 To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves.
 Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness.—Good my lords,
 be friends.

King. Come hither, you that would be combatants.

Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
 Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.—
 And you, my lords, remember where we are ;
 In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation.
 If they perceive dissension in our looks,
 And that within ourselves we disagree,
 How will their grudging stomachs be provoked
 To wilful disobedience, and rebel !
 Beside, what infamy will there arise,
 When foreign princes shall be certified
 That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
 King Henry's peers and chief nobility
 Destroyed themselves, and lost the realm of France,
 O, think upon the conquest of my father,
 My tender years, and let us not forego
 That for a trifle that was bought with blood !

King Henry VI—Part I

Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.

I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[*Putting on a red rose*

That any one should therefore be suspicious

I more incline to Somerset than York ;

Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.

As well they may upbraid me with my crown,

Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crowned.

But your discretions better can persuade

Than I am able to instruct or teach ;

And therefore, as we hither came in peace,

So let us still continue peace and love.—

Cousin of York, we institute your grace

To be our Regent in these parts of France ;—

And, good my lord of Somerset, unite

Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot :

And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,

Go cheerfully together and digest

Your angry choler on your enemies.

Ourself, my lord Protector, and the rest,

After some respite will return to Calais ;

From thence to England ; where I hope ere long

To be presented, by your victories,

With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but YORK, WARWICK,*

EXETER, and VERNON.

War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the
king

Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did ; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him
not ;

I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And if I wist he did,—but let it rest ;
Other affairs must now be managéd.

[*Exeunt all but EXETER.*

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy
voice ;

For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen deciphered there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils
Than yet can be imagined or supposed.

But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.

'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands,
But more when envy breeds unkind division ;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Before Bourdeaux

Enter TALBOT, with trump and drum

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter ;
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds. Enter General and others, aloft
English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry King of England ;
And thus he would : Open your city gates,
Be humble to us ; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power :
But, if you frown upon this proffered peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire,
Who in a moment even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of our love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge !
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death ;
For, I protest, we are well fortified
And strong enough to issue out and fight.

If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
 Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee ;
 On either hand thee there are squadrons pitched,
 To wall thee from the liberty of flight,
 And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
 But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
 And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
 Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament
 To rive their dangerous artillery
 Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
 Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
 Of an invincible unconquered spirit !
 This is the latest glory of thy praise
 That I, thy enemy, due thee withal ;
 For ere the glass that now begins to run
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,
 These eyes that see thee now well colouréd,
 Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

[Drum afar off.]

Hark ! hark ! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
 Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul ;
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[Exeunt General, etc.]

Tal. He fables not ; I hear the enemy.—
 Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
 O negligent and heedless discipline !

King Henry VI—Part I

How are we parked and bounded in a pale,
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs !
If we be English deer, be then in blood ;
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay.
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Plains in Gascony

*Enter a Messenger that meets YORK. Enter YORK
with trumpet and many Soldiers*

York. Are not the speedy scouts returned again,
That dogged the mighty army of the Dauphin ?

Mess. They are returned, my lord, and give it out
That he is marched to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot. As he marched along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,

King Henry VI—Part I

Which joined with him and made their march for
Bordeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege !
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a traitor villain
And cannot help the noble chevalier.
God comfort him in this necessity !
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France !

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English
strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron
And hemmed about with grim destruction.
To Bordeaux, warlike duke ! to Bordeaux, York !
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God, that Somerset, who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place !
So should we save a valiant gentleman
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

King Henry VI—Part I

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distressed lord !

York. He dies, we lose ; I break my warlike word :
We mourn, France smiles ; we lose, they daily get ;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's
soul ;

And on his son young John, who two hours since
I met in travel toward his warlike father !
This seven years did not Talbot see his son,
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have
To bid his young son welcome to his grave ?
Away ! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sundered friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewell ; no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours are won away,
'Long all of Somerset and his delay.

[*Exit, with his soldiers.*]

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror,
That ever living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth. Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all hurry to loss. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Other Plains in Gascony

*Enter SOMERSET, with his army; a Captain of
TALBOT'S with him*

Som. It is too late ; I cannot send them now.
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted ; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with. The over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure.
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Cap. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'ermatched forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY

Som. How now, Sir William ! whither were you
sent ?

Lucy. Whither, my lord ? from bought and sold
Lord Talbot,

Who, ringed about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions ;
And whiles the honourable captain there

King Henry VI—Part I

Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent
him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace
exclaims ;

Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies ; he might have sent, and had the
horse.

I owe him little duty, and less love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of
France,

Hath now entrapped the noble-minded Talbot.
Never to England shall he bear his life,
But dies betrayed to fortune by your strife.

King Henry VI—Part I

Som. Come, go ; I will dispatch the horsemen
straight :

Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue : he is ta'en or slain ;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled.

And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu !

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in
you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The English Camp near Bourdeaux

Enter TALBOT and JOHN his son

Tal. O young John Talbot ! I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee revived
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.

But, O malignant and ill-boding stars !
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavowed danger.

Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight ; come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot ? and am I your son ?
And shall I fly ? O, if you love my mother,

King Henry VI—Part I

Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me !
The world will say he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay, and, father, do you fly ;
Your loss is great, so your regard should be ;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast ;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won ;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done.
You fled for vantage, every one will swear ;
But, if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink and run away.
Here on my knee I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserved with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb ?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's
womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing, I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be saved in thee.

King Henry VI—Part I

John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renownéd name; shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here to fight and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be severed from your side,

Than can yourself yourself in twain divide.

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;

For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.

Come, side by side together live and die,

And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

King Henry VI—Part I

SCENE VI.—A Field of Battle

Alarum; excursions, wherein TALBOT'S son is hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers
fight!

The Regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot?—Pause, and take thy
breath;

I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.

John. O, twice my father, twice am I thy son!
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done,
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determined time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword
struck fire,

It warmed thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,
Quickened with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encounteréd;

King Henry VI—Part I

And interchanging blows I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood, and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus : ‘ Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy.’
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father’s care,
Art thou not weary, John ? how dost thou fare ?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art sealed the son of chivalry ?
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead ;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat !
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen’s rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age.
By me they nothing gain an if I stay ;
’Tis but the shortening of my life one day :
In thee thy mother dies, our household’s name,
My death’s revenge, thy youth, and England’s fame.
All these and more we hazard by thy stay ;
All these are saved if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me
smart ;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.

King Henry VI—Part I

On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die !
And like me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance !
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son.
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot ;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus ! Thy life to me is sweet ;
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,
And, commendable proved, let's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Another Part of the Field

*Alarum ; excursions. Enter old TALBOT led by a
Servant*

Tal. Where is my other life ? mine own is gone ;
O, where's young Talbot ? where is valiant John ?
Triumphant death, smeared with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceived me shrink and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandished over me

King Henry VI—Part I

And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience :
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendering my ruin and assailed of none,
Dizzy-eyed fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustering battle of the French ;
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit, and there died,
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Serv. O my dear lord, lo, where your son is
borne !

Enter Soldiers, with the body of young TALBOT

Tal. Thou antic Death, which laugh'st us here
to scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots wingéd through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall scape mortality.—
O thou, whose wounds become hard-favoured death,
Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath !
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no ;
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.—
Poor boy ! he smiles, methinks, as who should
say,

King Henry VI—Part I

Had Death been French, then Death had died
to-day.

Come, come and lay him in his father's arms.

My spirit can no longer bear these harms.—

Soldiers, adieu ! I have what I would have,

Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

[*Dies.*

*Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, BASTARD,
LA PUCELLE, and forces*

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-
wood,

Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood !

Puc. Once I encountered him, and thus I said :

'Thou maiden youth, be vanquished by a maid ;'

But, with a proud majestical high scorn,

He answered thus : ' Young Talbot was not born

To be the pillage of a giglot wench.'

So, rushing in the bowels of the French,

He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble
knight.

See, where he lies inhearséd in the arms

Of the most bloody nurser of his harms !

King Henry VI—Part I

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones
asunder,

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no, forbear ! for that which we have
fled

During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

*Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, attended ; Herald of the
French preceding*

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's
tent,

To know who hath obtained the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou
sent ?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin ! 't is a mere French
word ;

We English warriors wot not what it means.

I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en

And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou ! hell our prison
is.

But tell me whom thou seekest.

Lucy. But where's the great Alcides of the
field,

Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,

Created, for his rare success in arms,

Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence ;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of
Sheffield,

The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge ;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece ;
Great marshal to Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France ?

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed !
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.
Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles
Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only
scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis ?
O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turned,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces !
O, that I could but call these dead to life !
It were enough to fright the realm of France.
Were but his picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

King Henry VI—Part I

Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them
here,

They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence; but from their
ashes shall be reared

A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with them what
thou wilt.—

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—London. The Palace

Sennet. Enter KING, GLOSTER, and EXETER

King. Have you perused the letters from the
pope,

The emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord, and their intent is this:

King Henry VI—Part I

They humbly sue unto your excellence
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.

King. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only
means

To stop effusion of our Christian blood
And stablish quietness on every side.

King. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac, near kin to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

King. Marriage, uncle? alas, my years are
young!

And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one.
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

King Henry VI—Part I

*Enter WINCHESTER in Cardinal's habit, a Legate,
and two Ambassadors*

Exe. What ! is my Lord of Winchester installed,
And called unto a cardinal's degree ?
Then I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,—
' If once he come to be a cardinal,
He 'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.'

King. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been considered and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable ;
And therefore are we certainly resolved
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,
Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master,
I have informed his highness so at large
As, liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

King. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.—
And so, my lord Protector, see them guarded
And safely brought to Dover, where inshipped
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[Exeunt all but WINCHESTER and Legate.]

Win. Stay, my lord legate ; you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promiséd
Should be delivered to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. [*Aside*] Now Winchester will not submit,
I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive
That, neither in birth or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee.
I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—France. Plains in Anjou

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, BASTARD,
REIGNIER, LA PUCELLE, *and forces*

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our
drooping spirits.

'T is said the stout Parisians do revolt
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of
France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

King Henry VI—Part I

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us ;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces !

Enter Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices !

Char. What tidings send our scouts ? I prithee,
speak.

Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoined in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is ;
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there ;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accursed.—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine,
Let Henry fret and all the world repine.

Char. Then on, my lords ; and France be fortunate !
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Before Angiers

Alarum. Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen
fly.—

King Henry VI—Part I

Now help, ye charming spells and periapts ;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me
And give me signs of future accidents. [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear and aid me in this enterprise.—

Enter Fiends

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustomed diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are culled
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk, and speak not.*

O, hold me not with silence over-long !
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off and give it you
In earnest of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.—

[*They hang their heads.*

No hope to have redress ?—My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[*They shake their heads.*

Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance ?
Then take my soul, my body, soul and all,

King Henry VI—Part I

Before that England give the French the foil.—

[*They depart.*]

See, they forsake me ! Now the time is come

That France must vail her lofty-pluméd crest

And let her head fall into England's lap.

My ancient incantations are too weak,

And hell too strong for me to buckle with.

Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*]

*Excursions. Re-enter LA PUCELLE fighting hand
to hand with YORK : LA PUCELLE is taken.*

The French fly

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast ;

Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,

And try if they can gain your liberty.—

A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace !

See, how the ugly wench doth bend her brows,

As if with Circe she would change my shape !

Puc. Changed to a worser shape thou canst
not be.

York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man ;

No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and
thee !

And may ye both be suddenly surprised

By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds !

York. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue !

Puc. I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.
[*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. *Enter* SUFFOLK, *with* MARGARET *in his hand*

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[*Gazes on her.*]

O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly !
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands ;
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou ? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I called.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me ;
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again as Suffolk's friend.

[*She is going.*]

O, stay !—I have no power to let her pass !

My hand would free her, but my heart says no.—
 As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
 Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
 So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
 Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak ;
 I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
 Fie, de la Pole ! disable not thyself ;
 Hast not a tongue ? is she not here ?
 Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight ?
 Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,
 Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk—if thy name be so—
 What ransom must I pay before I pass ?
 For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
 Before thou make a trial of her love ?

Mar. Why speak'st thou not ? what ransom
 must I pay ?

Suf. She's beautiful and therefore to be wooed ;
 She is a woman, therefore to be won.

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom ? yea, or no.

Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a
 wife ;

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour ?

Mar. I were best leave him, for he will not
 hear.

King Henry VI—Part I

Suf. There all is marred ; there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random ; sure, the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom ?
Why, for my king ; tush, that's a wooden thing !

Mar. He talks of wood ; it is some carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too ;
For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.

Mar. Hear ye, captain, are you not at leisure ?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much ;
Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.—
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What though I be enthralled ? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French,
And then I need not crave his courtesy.

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Mar. Tush, women have been captivate ere now.

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 't is but quid for quo.

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility,
For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam, are ye so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains and our colours
forth.—

King Henry VI—Part I

And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.—

A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER on the walls

See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner!

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier and unapt to weep
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord;
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king,
Whom I with pain have wooed and won thereto,
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gained thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[*Exit from the walls.*]

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter REIGNIER, below

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

King Henry VI—Part I

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,

Fit to be made companion with a king.

What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth

To be the princely bride of such a lord,

Upon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine own, the county Maine and Anjou,

Free from oppression or the stroke of war,

My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her ;
And those two counties I will undertake
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,

Because this is in traffic of a king.—

[*Aside*] And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.

I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemnised.—
So farewell, Reignier ; set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

King Henry VI—Part I

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord ; good wishes, praise,
and prayers

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [Going.

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam ; but hark you,
Margaret,

No princely commendations to my king ?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly placed and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again ;
No loving token to his majesty ?

Mar. Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [Kisses her.

Mar. That for thyself ; I will not so presume
To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[Exeunt REIGNIER and MARGARET.

Suf. O, wert thou for myself !—But, Suffolk,
stay !

Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth ;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise ;
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
And natural graces that extinguish art ;

King Henry VI—Part I

Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Camp of the Duke of York in Anjou

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and others

York. Bring forth that sorceress condemned to
burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd

Shep. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart
outright !

Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death ?

Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee !

Puc. Decrepit miser ! base ignoble wretch !
I am descended of a gentler blood ;
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out !—My lords, an please you, 't is
not so ;
I did beget her, all the parish knows :
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?
York. This argues what her kind of life hath
been,

Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear;
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt! You have suborned this
man,

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'T is true, I gave a noble to the priest
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.—
Wilt thou not stoop? Now curséd be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her
breast,

Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!

Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs afield,

I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!

Dost thou deny thy father, curséd drab?—

O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good. [*Exit.*

York. Take her away; for she hath lived too
long,

To fill the world with vicious qualities.

King Henry VI—Part I

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemned :

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings ;
Virtuous and holy ; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits ;
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stained with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils.
No, misconceived ! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought ;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay.—Away with her to execution :

War. And hark ye, sirs : because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow ;
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting
hearts ?—

King Henry VI—Part I

Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides ;
Murther not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forfend ! the holy maid with
child !

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought !
Is all your strict preciseness come to this ?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling ;
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to ; we will have no bastards
live,
Especially since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceived ; my child is none of
his ;

It was Alençon that enjoyed my love.

York. Alençon ! that notorious Machiavel !
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you :
'T was neither Charles nor yet the duke I named,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevailed.

War. A married man ! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl ! I think she knows
not well,

There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee;
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave
my curse.

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode,
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!
[*Exit, guarded.*]

York. Break thou in pieces and consume to
ashes,
Thou foul accurséd minister of hell!

*Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester,
attended*

Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implored a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin and his train
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

War. Be patient, York ; if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed
That peaceful truce shall be proclaimed in France,
We come to be informéd by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

The hollow passage of my poisoned voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

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King Henry VI—Part I

That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown ;
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'T is known already that I am possessed
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein revered for their lawful king ;
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquished,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be called but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador, I'll rather keep
That which I have than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles ! hast thou by secret
means
Used intercession to obtain a league,

King Henry VI—Part I

And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. [*Aside to CHARLES*] My lord, you do not
well in obstinacy

To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. [*Aside to CHARLES*] To say the truth, it
is your policy

To save your subjects from such massacre
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility;
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our con-
dition stand?

Char. It shall;

Only reserved, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty
As thou art knight, never to disobey
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,

Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—

[CHARLES and the rest give tokens of fealty.

So, now dismiss your army when ye please ;

Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,

For here we entertain a solemn peace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—London. The Palace

*Enter SUFFOLK in conference with the KING, GLOSTER
and EXETER following*

King. Your wondrous rare description, noble
earl,

Of beauteous Margaret hath astonished me.

Her virtues gracéd with external gifts

Do breed love's settled passions in my heart ;

And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts

Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,

So am I driven by breath of her renown

Either to suffer shipwreck or arrive

Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale

Is but a preface of her worthy praise ;

The chief perfections of that lovely dame,

Had I sufficient skill to utter them,

Would make a volume of enticing lines,

King Henry VI—Part I

Able to ravish any dull conceit :
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full-replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command,—
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

King. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.—

Therefore, my lord Protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betrothed
Unto another lady of esteem ;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach ?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths ;
Or one that, at a triumph having vowed
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds.
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than
that ?

Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my lord, her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem,
And of such great authority in France
As his alliance will confirm our peace
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal
dower,

Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords ! disgrace not so your
king,

That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich ;
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship ;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed :
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferred.
For what is wedlock forcéd but a hell,

An age of discord and continual strife ?
 Whereas that the contráry bringeth bliss,
 And is a pattern of celestial peace.
 Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
 But Margaret, that is daughter to a king ?
 Her peerless feature, joinéd with her birth,
 Approves her fit for none but for a king.
 Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit,
 More than in women commonly is seen,
 Will answer our hope in issue of a king ;
 For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
 Is likely to beget more conquerors
 If with a lady of so high resolve
 As is fair Margaret he be linked in love.
 Then yield, my lords, and here conclude with me
 That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

King. Whether it be through force of your report,
 My noble lord of Suffolk, or for that
 My tender youth was never yet attaint
 With any passion of inflaming love,
 I cannot tell ; but this I am assured,
 I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
 Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
 As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
 Take, therefore, shipping ; post, my lord, to France ;
 Agree to any covenants, and procure

That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England and be crowned
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say ; for till you do return,
I rest perplexéd with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence :
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.

And so, conduct me where, from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. *[Exit.*

Glos. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[Exeunt GLOSTER and EXETER.

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevailed ; and thus he
goes,

As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king ;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.

Exit.



NOTES

I. i. p. 20. **Hung be the heavens with black.**—The roof of the stage (technically called 'the heavens') was hung with black when a tragedy was enacted in Elizabethan times. No doubt the simile was suggested by this practice.

I. i. p. 22. **Or bright —.**—The hiatus probably arises from the printer's omission of an undecipherable word, otherwise the Messenger's speech would have completed the line. Among numerous conjectures Johnson proposed 'Berenice,' Pope 'Francis Drake,' Theobald 'Cassiopeia,' Capell 'Alexander,' Lloyd 'Hercules,' and Mitford 'Orion.'

I. i. p. 23. **The flower-de-luces in your arms.**—The white lilies (*fleur-de-lis*), the emblem of France, quartered in the English arms.

I. i. p. 26. **Sir John Fastolfe.**—The Folios read *Falstaffe*, which was, in all probability, the popular pronunciation of the name, and became confirmed in English ears by the creation of Falstaff in the plays of *Henry IV.* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, produced a few years later;—that character of never-ending delight to Shakspeare's contemporaries and all succeeding generations of Englishmen. Both Hall and Holinshed, the latter of whom was probably Shakspeare's authority, record Fastolfe's cowardice at the battle of Patay in 1429 (see IV. i. pp. 97-8); but the historical Fastolfe was compelled to retire by the cowardice of his men, who fled in spite of his desperate efforts to make them stand their ground. See Fuller's long account of Oldcastle, and his remarks on Falstaffe in the new *Shakespeare Allusion Book*, ed. J. J. Munro.

Notes

I. ii. p. 28. **Mars his true moving.**—The movements of the planet Mars were the subject of much controversy in the sixteenth century. In the preface to Nash's '*Gabriel Harvey's Hunt's Up*,' 1596, occurs the following: 'You are as ignorant in the true movings of my muse, as the astronomers are in the *true movings of Mars*, which to this day they could never attain to.' *Mars* is also the god of war.

I. ii. p. 29. **All Olivers and Rowlands.**—The names of two of the most famous heroes of Charlemagne's twelve peers. Their exploits were of such amazing and equal merit as to become proverbial in the saying 'A Rowland for an Oliver.'

I. ii. p. 30. **Gimmors.**—A name given to any jointed machinery for producing motion. Reignier here alludes to the mechanism by which artificial figures strike the hour in clocks.

I. ii. p. 31. **The nine Sibyls.**—Tradition variously enumerates three, four, seven, or ten Sibyls. Warburton says 'There were no *nine Sibyls* of Rome; but he confounds things, and mistakes this for the nine books of Sibylline oracles brought to one of the Tarquins.'

I. ii. p. 34. **Saint Martin's Summer, halcyon days.**—'Prosperity after misfortune,' the return of warm weather after winter has set in. St. Martin's Day (November 11th) was popularly associated with the *halcyon days* (i.e. calm weather after storms) when the kingfisher was said to breed.

I. ii. p. 35. **That proud, insulting ship, &c.**—These two lines have reference to Plutarch's "Life of Cæsar," where Cæsar has embarked on a pinnace in the disguise of a poor man, and hearing that the master intends to put back on account of a contrary wind arising, addresses him with the words: 'Good fellow, be of good cheer; forwards hardily and fear not, for thou hast Cæsar and his fortune with thee.'

I. ii. p. 35. **Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?**—An allusion to the dove which fed from Mahomet's ear. "He used to feed it with wheat out of his ear; which

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dove when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast; Mahomet persuading the rude Arabians that it was the Holy Ghost that gave him advice."—Raleigh's *History of the World*.

I. ii. p. 35. **Helen.**—The empress Helena, to whom tradition ascribes the recovery of the Cross of Christ, by divine guidance.

I. iii. p. 37. **Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin.**—The brothels in London on the south side of the river were under the jurisdiction and taxation of the Bishop of Winchester.

I. iii. p. 37. **Damascus.**—Alluding to the legend, quoted as a fact by Mandeville, that Damascus was built on the site of Abel's grave.

I. iii. p. 40. **Clubs.**—'In any public affray the cry was "Clubs! clubs!" by way of calling for persons with clubs to part the combatants.' (*Nares*.)

I. v. p. 46. **Blood will I draw on thee.**—He who drew blood from a witch was said to be immune from her evil spells.

I. v. p. 47. **Like Hannibal.**—Alluding to Hannibal's escape by the stratagem of attaching lighted torches to the horns of a herd of oxen.

I. v. p. 47. **Treacherous**—*i.e.* Cowardly. Schmidt says 'Cowardice is, in the opinion of a man like Talbot, the worst form of treachery.'

I. vi. p. 48. **Adonis' gardens.**—The gardens of Adonis were proverbially typical of transient delights, but the author here has made the Dauphin apply the proverb as an encomium, by picturing the short-lived blooms (of promise) as giving way to the miraculous ripening of the fruit.

I. vi. p. 49. **Rhodope's of Memphis.**—This is Capell's conjecture for Fol.: 'Rhodope's or Memphis.' Pliny mentions that "the fairest and most commended of the pyramids near Memphis was built at the cost and charges of one *Rhodope*, a verie strumpet."

Notes

I. vi. p. 49. **Coffer of Darius.**—In which, according to Plutarch, Alexander the Great enshrined the *Iliad* of Homer, regarding the coffer as the "preciouslest thing and the richest" taken when Darius was conquered.

II. iii. p. 57. **Tomyris.**—The queen of the tribe of the Massagetae, by whom Cyrus, who had killed her husband and defeated her son, was captured and slain (B.C. 529).

II. iv. p. 61. **Richard Plantagenet.**—Son of Anne Mortimer, and great-great-grandson of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, who is erroneously stated to be Richard's *grandfather*. (II. iv. p. 65.)

II. v. p. 67. **Edmund Mortimer.**—There is deviation from historic fact in this scene, both as to Mortimer's identity, and as to the place and manner of his death; but the errors occur in Holinshed, the dramatist's chief authority. Edmund Mortimer died in his castle in Ireland in 1424; the confusion is probably with his cousin, Sir John Mortimer, who suffered a long imprisonment in the Tower.

II. v. p. 70. **By my mother.**—This should be 'grand-mother,' the mother of Roger Mortimer, Edmund's father.

III. i. p. 73. **The Parliament House.**—"This Parliament was held in 1426 at Leicester, though the author of this play has represented it to have been held in London. King Henry was now in the fifth year of his age. In the first Parliament, which was held at London shortly after his father's death, his mother, Queen Katherine, brought the young king from Windsor to the metropolis, and sat on the throne of the Parliament House with the infant in her lap." (Malone.) In this instance the dramatist has not the support of Holinshed in thus combining events separated by considerable intervals of time.

III. i. p. 75. **Bastard of my grandfather.**—The Bishop of Winchester was an illegitimate son of John of Gaunt, by Katherine Swynford.

III. i. p. 84. **No way to that, for weakness, which she entered.**—No way into the town is so weakly defended as that by which she entered.

Notes

III. iii. p. 94. **Done like a Frenchman.**—An exceedingly English scoff at the French character, most inappropriately put into the mouth of Joan of Arc by the unknown writer of this passage.

III. iv. p. 95. **I do remember, &c.**—King Henry was a child of nine months old at his father's death.

III. iv. p. 96. **The law of arms, &c.**—The law awarding punishment by death for fighting within the precincts of the Court was of great antiquity. Permission might be obtained from the King (*see* IV. i. p. 100) for the right to meet in single combat.

IV. iv. p. 112. **In advantage lingering.**—Johnson explains the phrase: "protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post." Referring to the desperate resistance by which Talbot just manages to maintain his position while he 'looks for rescue.'

IV. iv. p. 112. **Take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.**—I scorn to commit so disgraceful an action as to fawn on him by sending assistance.

IV. vi. p. 118. **Icarus.**—The son of Dædalus, who attempted to fly with his father from Crete to escape Minos, but, his wax-fastened wings failing, he was drowned in the sea.

IV. vii. p. 118. **Smear'd with captivity.**—Probably, smear'd with the life-blood of those whom thou (Death) hast taken captive.

V. i. p. 124. **Thy years are young.**—Henry is now a man, twenty-four years of age.

V. iii. p. 128. **Monarch of the North.**—A king of demons, whose legendary throne was the North Pole.

V. iv. p. 144. **Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?**—'Do you stand out on the score of comparing that half which you say you possess, with the whole which we offer you?'

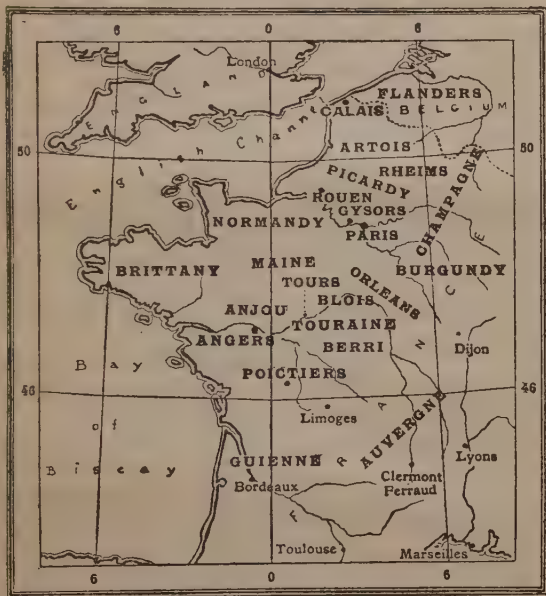
A MAP

SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE PLAY IN ENGLAND



A MAP

SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE PLAY IN FRANCE



GLOSSARY

- Accidents** : events. V. iii. p. 128.
- Accomplices** : comrades, fellows in arms. V. ii. p. 127.
- Admonishments** : instructions. II. v. p. 71.
- Advantage** : occasion. II. v. p. 73.
- Affect** : feel disposed. V. i. p. 124.
- Affects** : loves. V. v. p. 147.
- Agazed on** : gazing in terror at, terrified at. I. i. p. 26.
- Alcides** : Hercules. IV. vii. p. 121.
- Alliance** : kinship, relationship. II. v. p. 70.
- Amaze** : bewilder, confound, dismay. IV. vii. p. 122.
- Amort** : dejected, spiritless. III. ii. p. 89.
- Antic** : clown, jester. IV. vii. p. 119.
- Apparelled** : dressed. II. iv. p. 62.
- Apparent spoil** : inevitable ruin. IV. ii. p. 107.
- Apprehension** : (insulting) conception. II. iv. p. 66.
- Argue** : prove. II. v. p. 67.
- Argument** : evidence, token. V. i. p. 125.
- Argues proof** : gives evidence. V. iii. p. 128.
- Arms** : armorial bearings. I. i. p. 23.
- As** : that. III. i. p. 74, V. iv. p. 142.
- Astræa** : daughter of Zeus and Themis, Goddess of Justice. I. vi. p. 48.
- Attachéd** : arrested. II. iv. p. 65.
- Attaint** : tainted. V. v. p. 148.
- Attainted** : disgraced. II. iv. p. 65; convicted. II. iv. p. 65.
- Attorney** : proxy, substitute. V. iii. p. 135.
- Attorneyship** : vicarious agency. V. v. p. 147.
- Banning** : cursing. V. iii. p. 130.
- Bay** : "stand at —"; a hunting term; 'when the game is driven to extremity, and turns against its pursuers.' IV. ii. p. 108.
- Beard** : defy. I. iii. p. 38.
- Bearing - cloth** : a baptismal robe. I. iii. p. 38.
- Benefit** : a law term signifying the bestowal of property by another. V. iv. p. 144.
- Best** : better. V. iii. p. 131.
- Bestow** : place, lodge. III. ii. p. 87.
- Bewray'd** : an old form of 'be trayed.' IV. i. p. 107.
- Bishop** = bishop's. III. i. p. 77.
- Blood** : "in —"; in full vigour (a term of the chase). IV. ii. p. 108.
- Blue** : the usual colour of serving men's livery. I. iii. p. 38.
- Boot** : "it is no —"; it avails nothing, it is no use. IV. vi. p. 118.
- Bought and sold** : betrayed. IV. iv. p. 111.
- Bow** : retire, yield. IV. v. p. 114.
- Braves** : boasts. III. iii. p. 89.
- Break** : open. I. iii. p. 39.
- Break up** : break open. I. iii. p. 36.
- Broke** : broken with, broken off from. V. v. p. 146.

Glossary

Buckle with: engage with, join in close fight with. I. ii. p. 32, V. iii. p. 129.

Bull-beeves: oxen. I. ii. p. 28.

Burgundy: Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy. II. i. p. 50.

Canvass: toss (as in a blanket). I. iii. p. 37.

Cap: cardinal's hat. V. i. p. 125.

Captivate: captive, prisoner. II. iii. p. 59.

Cates: dainties, delicacies. II. iii. p. 61.

Censure: judgment, opinion. II. iii. p. 57; judge. V. v. p. 149.

Challenge: claim. V. iv. p. 144.

Cheer: appearance, countenance. I. ii. p. 30.

Coat: armorial bearings. I. i. p. 23.

Cognisance: badge. II. iv. p. 66.

Collop: a small slice of meat. V. iv. p. 138.

Colour: specious pretence. II. iv. p. 63.

Commandement: command. I. iii. p. 36.

Conceit: fabrication, invention. IV. i. p. 101; intelligence, understanding. V. v. p. 146.

Consented unto: conspired to bring about. I. i. p. 20.

Contriv'dst: didst plot. I. iii. p. 37.

Conveyance: 'dishonest practice. I. iii. p. 35.

Cooling card: that which 'throws cold water' on eager expectation. V. iii. p. 19.

Cornets: a company of horse soldiers. IV. iii. p. 109.

Corrosive: painful, pain giving. III. iii. p. 90.

Court of guard: guard-room. II. i. p. 50.

Crazy: weak. III. ii. p. 87.

Crestless: not of noble family, having no right to a crest. II. iv. p. 65.

Crystal: a comet. I. i. p. 20.

Darnel: a weed which is reputed to be injurious to the eyes. III. ii. p. 85.

Dearest: most precious. III. iv. p. 96.

Desire: "thy —"; desire for thee. I. ii. p. 33.

Determined: limited, bounded. IV. vi. p. 116.

Devise on: lay schemes. I. ii. p. 34.

Diffidence: suspicion. III. iii. p. 90.

Digest: vent, void. IV. i. p. 104.

Disable: disparage. V. iii. p. 131.

Disanimates: discourages. III. i. p. 81.

Disease: trouble. II. v. p. 69.

Dismay not: be not dismayed. III. iii. p. 90.

Distrained: appropriated. I. iii. p. 39.

Dolphin: a play upon "Dolphin." I. iv. p. 45.

Dreadful: dreaded. I. i. p. 25.

Drooping chair: chair fit for declining age. IV. v. p. 113.

Due: endue. IV. ii. p. 107.

Dumb significant: signs, mute tokens. III. iv. p. 62.

Eclipse: put out (a play on the words "son" and "sun"). IV. v. p. 115.

Eltham: a royal palace about 9 miles S.E. of London, in Kent. I. i. p. 28.

Endamage: injure. II. i. p. 54.

Entertain: keep, maintain. V. iv. p. 145.

Envy: enmity. IV. i. p. 105.

Espials: scouts, spies. I. iv. p. 41.

Exempt: excluded. II. iv. p. 65.

Exequies: funeral rites, obsequies. III. ii. p. 89.

Exigent: end. II. v. p. 68.

Extirpéd: extirpated, rooted out. III. iii. p. 91.

Face: play the hypocrite. V. iii. p. 134.

Glossary

- Fact:** deed. IV. i. p. 98.
Familiar: attendant spirit. III. ii. p. 89.
Fancy: love. V. iii. p. 132.
Feature: form. V. v. p. 148.
Fell: cruel, ferocious. V. iii. p. 130.
Flesh: initiate. IV. vii. p. 120.
Fond: foolish. II. iii. p. 59.
Footboys: menials, lackeys. III. ii. p. 86.
For the nonce: without parallel. II. iii. p. 60.
Forgéd quaint conceit: ingenious fabrication, counterfeit. IV. i. p. 101.
Forlorn: desperate, most miserable (implying *previously* lost). I. ii. p. 29.
Forth: out of. I. ii. p. 30.
Fortune: fate. IV. iv. p. 112.
Forty years: many years. I. iii. p. 40.
France his sword: the sword of the King of France. IV. vi. p. 116.
Giglot: loose, wanton. IV. vii. p. 120.
Gimmors: contrivance. I. ii. p. 30. (*See Notes.*)
Gird: rebuke. III. i. p. 79.
Gleeks: scoffs, gibes. III. ii. p. 89.
Goliases: Goliaths. I. ii. p. 29.
Graceless: abandoned one. V. iv. p. 138.
Guardant: sentinel. IV. vii. p. 119.
Halcyon days. I. ii. p. 34. (*See Notes.*)
Hand: "out of —"; forthwith, directly. III. ii. p. 87.
Have with thee: let us go together. II. iv. p. 66.
Hunger-starvéd: starved with hunger (the original meaning of *starve* being 'to die of cold.') I. v. p. 47.
Ill: wrongs. II. v. p. 73.
Immanity: ferocity. V. i. p. 124.
Inkhorn mate: a pedantic, bookish fellow. III. i. p. 78.
Insulting: exulting, triumphant. I. ii. p. 35. (*See Notes.*)
Intermissive: having a brief intermission, temporary cessation. I. i. p. 24.
Invention: forethought. III. i. p. 73.
Irrs: grieves, vexes. I. iv. p. 45.
Kindly: appropriate, meet. III. i. p. 79.
Lie: live. III. ii. p. 89.
Lift: lifted. I. i. p. 21.
Like: liken. IV. vi. p. 118.
Linstock: a stick to hold the gunner's 'match.' I. iv. p. 43.
Lither: pliant. IV. vii. p. 119.
'Long: because. IV. iii. p. 110.
Louted: befooled. IV. iii. p. 109.
Machiavel: a cunning politician. V. iv. p. 140.
Marish: marsh. I. i. p. 22.
Mean: "keeps no —"; observes no measure. I. ii. p. 84.
Meaner sort: inferiors in rank. II. i. p. 73.
Method of my pen: the order in which it was written. III. i. p. 74.
Mickle: old, great. IV. vi. p. 117.
Minotaurs: monsters (alluding to the Cretan minotaur killed by Theseus). V. iii. p. 136.
Miscarry: die. IV. iii. p. 109.
Misconceivéd: misjudging one. V. iv. p. 139.
Miser: miserable person. V. iv. p. 137.
Mortality: death. IV. v. p. 114.
Most: utmost. IV. i. p. 98.
Motion: proposal. V. i. p. 124.
Motions: seeks. I. iii. p. 39.
Mouth: bark. II. iv. p. 62.
Muleters: mule-drivers. III. ii. p. 86.
Munition: war materials. I. i. p. 27.
Muse: "I —"; I am surprised. II. ii. p. 55.
Neglection: negligence. IV. iii. p. 110.
Nemesias: the goddess of vengeance. IV. vii. p. 122.

Glossary

- Nephew:** cousin. II. v. p. 70.
- Nestor:** the famous Homeric hero, and general of the Grecian army against Troy. He lived through three generations, revered for his wisdom, and became typical of happy old age. II. v. p. 67.
- Noble:** a gold coin struck by Edward III., and originally of the value of 6s. 8d. V. iv. p. 138.
- Objected:** proposed. II. iv. p. 63.
- Obloquy:** reproach. II. v. p. 69.
- Obstacle:** obstinate. V. iv. p. 138.
- Order:** "take some —"; make the necessary dispositions, adopt some measures. III. ii. p. 89.
- Otherwhiles:** at other times. I. ii. p. 28.
- Out of hand:** forthwith. III. ii. p. 87.
- Overpeer:** to overlook. I. iv. p. 41.
- Partaker:** confederate. II. iv. p. 65.
- Patronage:** maintain. III. i. p. 75; make good. III. i. p. 96.
- Peeled:** tonsured. I. iii. p. 87.
- Peevish:** wayward, childish. II. iv. p. 64, V. iii. p. 136.
- Pendragon:** Uther Pendragon, father to King Arthur. III. ii. p. 87.
- Periapt:** amulets. V. ii. p. 128.
- Period:** end, termination. IV. ii. p. 106.
- Peruse:** examine, observe. IV. ii. p. 107.
- Pitch:** height. II. iii. p. 60; the highest point attained by a hawk (a term in falconry). II. iv. p. 62.
- Pitch a field:** 'marshalling and arranging in a military sense.' III. i. p. 78.
- Pithless:** weak, without strength. II. v. p. 68.
- Platforms:** plans, plots. II. i. p. 54.
- Post:** hasten. V. v. p. 148.
- Practisants:** confederates. III. ii. p. 83.
- Practise:** scheme, plot. II. i. p. 51.
- Preferred:** put forward, presented. III. i. p. 74.
- Preferreth:** promotes. III. i. p. 75.
- Presently:** at once, forthwith. I. ii. p. 35, V. iii. p. 127.
- Pretend:** indicate. IV. i. p. 99.
- Prevented:** anticipated. IV. i. p. 100.
- Proditor:** traitor. I. iii. p. 37.
- Pucelle:** French for 'maid,' 'virgin.' I. v. p. 45.
- Pursuivants:** heralds. II. v. p. 67.
- Puzzel:** hussy. I. iv. p. 45.
- Pyramis:** pyramid. I. vi. p. 49.
- Quaint:** ingenious. IV. i. p. 101.
- Qulest là?** who goes there? III. ii. p. 83.
- Quid for quo:** tit for tat. V. iii. p. 133.
- Quillets:** quibbles, subtleties. II. iv. p. 62.
- Quittance:** requita. II. i. p. 50.
- Raging-wood:** raving-mad. IV. vii. p. 120.
- Rascal-like:** like lean deer that are not fit for hunting. IV. ii. p. 108.
- Rascals:** a quibble on 'lean deer, not fit for hunting.' I. ii. p. 30.
- Ready:** dressed. II. i. p. 52.
- Reflex** = reflect. IV. v. p. 141.
- Regard:** safety. IV. v. p. 114.
- Reguerdon:** reward, recompense. III. i. p. 81.
- Remorse:** compassion, pity. V. iv. p. 141.
- Repugn:** fight against, oppose. IV. i. p. 101.
- Resolved:** assured, satisfied. III. iv. p. 95.
- Resolve on:** be assured of. I. ii. p. 32.
- Rests:** remains. II. i. p. 54.
- Reverent:** entitled to respect. III. i. p. 75.
- Riddling:** puzzling. II. iii. p. 60.
- Rive:** discharge. IV. ii. p. 107.

Glossary

- Roam:** a play on the word 'Rome.' III. i. p. 75.
- Rope:** i.e. halter. I. iii. p. 38.
- Rough:** troubled. V. iii. p. 131.
- Ruin:** fallen body. IV. vii. p. 119.
- St. Denis:** the patron saint of France. I. vi. p. 49.
- Saint Martin's Summer.** I. ii. p. 34. (*See Notes.*)
- St. Philip's daughters:** alluding to the four daughters of Philip mentioned in Acts xxi. 9. I. ii. p. 35.
- Scruple:** doubt, perplexity. V. iii. p. 132.
- Secure:** confident, unsuspecting. II. i. p. 50.
- Servant:** lover. I. ii. p. 33.
- Shot:** marksmen. I. iv. p. 43.
- Significants:** signs. II. iv. p. 62.
- Silly:** harmless. II. iii. p. 58.
- Sirrah:** a term of address used to inferiors. III. i. p. 76.
- Sit at chiefest stern:** have highest place and complete control. I. ii. p. 28.
- Smeared:** stained. IV. vii. p. 118. (*See Notes.*)
- Solicit:** excite, rouse up. V. iii. p. 186.
- Sort:** choose. II. iii. p. 58.
- Sped:** escaped. II. i. p. 52.
- Spleen:** ardour, impetuosity. IV. vi. p. 116.
- Spoil:** "apparent —"; inevitable ruin. IV. ii. p. 107.
- Stand:** resist. I. i. p. 25.
- Still:** ever, constantly. I. iii. p. 39.
- Stomachs:** anger, haughty resentment. I. iv. p. 40; spirits. IV. i. p. 103.
- Subscribe:** yield. II. iv. p. 63.
- Suddenly:** on the spur of the moment. III. i. p. 73.
- Swart:** dark, tawny. I. ii. p. 32.
- Sweeting:** dearest, loved one. III. iii. p. 91.
- Taint:** tainted, stained. V. iii. p. 136.
- Talbotites:** the followers of Lord Talbot. III. ii. p. 84.
- Tawny coats:** the livery worn by servants of the ecclesiastical court. I. iii. p. 37.
- Tendering:** caring for. IV. vii. p. 119.
- Timeless:** untimely. V. iv. p. 137.
- To:** equal to. III. ii. p. 84.
- Traffic:** business. V. iii. p. 135.
- Trained:** lured. II. iii. p. 59.
- Treacherous:** cowardly. I. v. p. 47. (*See Notes.*)
- Triumph:** tournament. V. v. p. 146.
- Unable:** weak, impotent, helpless. IV. v. p. 113.
- Unavoided:** unavoidable. IV. v. p. 113.
- Unkind:** unnatural. IV. i. p. 105.
- Vail:** droop, lower. V. iii. p. 129.
- Vantage:** "for —"; to fight in better circumstances. IV. v. p. 114.
- Vaward:** vanguard (i.e. in the front line of his own troop). I. i. p. 26.
- Verbatim:** orally. III. i. p. 74.
- Walloon:** a native of the country between France and the Netherlands. I. i. p. 26.
- Wanted:** lacked. I. i. p. 25.
- Warrant:** give assurance of. II. v. p. 71.
- Warrantize:** warranty, surety. I. iii. p. 36.
- Washford:** Wexford. IV. vii. p. 122.
- Winchester goose:** a cant term for a harlot. (*See Note "Indulgences to Sin."* I. iii. p. 37.) I. iii. p. 38.
- Wist:** knew. IV. i. p. 105.
- Wont:** are wont (pret. of *wonnen* = to be accustomed). I. iv. p. 41.
- Wood:** mad. IV. vii. p. 120.
- Wooden:** "a — thing"; "an awkward business not likely to succeed." V. iii. p. 132.
- Writhled:** wrinkled, shrivelled. II. iii. p. 58.
- Yield:** grant, admit. II. iv. p. 68.





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